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A Paper for Men and Women.

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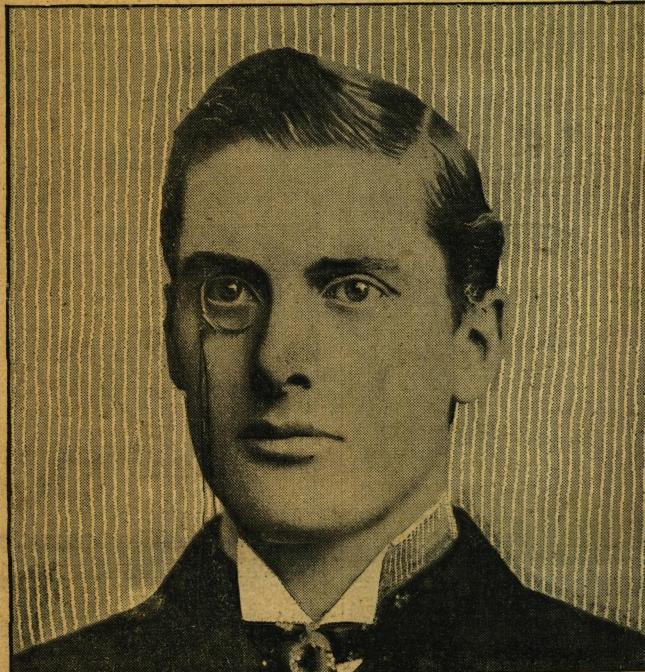
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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.



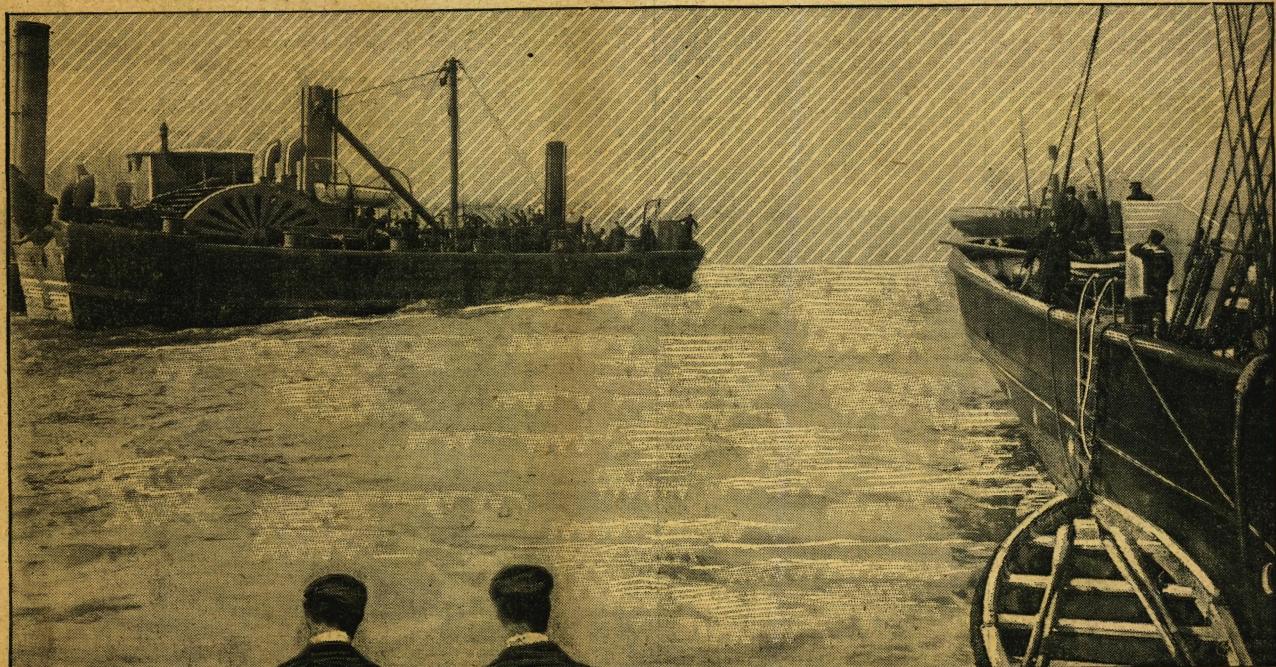
Mr. Euston Chamberlain imposed new taxes on tea and tobacco and another penny on the income-tax in his Budget yesterday. The increased tax on tobacco will yield an additional half million, and the tea tax of 2d. on the pound will add two millions to the revenue. The increased income-tax will bring in two and a half millions.—(Photograph by Whitlock, Birmingham.)

THE RETURN OF THE PEACE-MAKER.



The real author of the Anglo-French Treaty. How he secured it is told on page 2.
—(Photograph by Rotary Photograph Co.)

THE A1 LEAVES HER BED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.



By means of cables attached to her hull, the sunken A1 was hauled up from her resting-place and suspended, still under water, below the bottom of a large, dockyard lighter. Then the lighter was taken in tow by the salvage ship Bolo, and the sad procession started for Portsmouth. This photograph was taken at the moment the A1 was lifted from the sea floor.—(Photograph by Cribb, Southsea.)

BAD FOR THE TAXPAYER.

2d. More per lb. on Tea, 3d. More on Tobacco, 6d. on Foreign Cigars, and 1s. on Cigarettes.

ANOTHER PENNY ON THE INCOME TAX.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain's first Budget contains no good cheer. Its most striking features are:

1. An additional penny on the income-tax, bringing that up to a shilling in the £, after it had been reduced from 1s. 3d. to 1d. by Mr. Ritchie last year.

2. An additional 2d. per pound on tea, raising it to 8d.

3. An increase of 3d. on tobacco made up abroad, bringing the duty up to 3s. 3d.

4. An additional 6d. per pound on foreign cigars.

5. An additional 1s. per pound on foreign cigarettes.

The Chancellor's speech occupied slightly over an hour and a half. It was not voted a brilliant performance by the House of Commons, but it possessed the qualities of simplicity and brevity. Mr. Austen Chamberlain had succeeded in making himself quite clearly understood.

Though his message to the nation was disappointing and depressing, that was not the fault of Mr. Chamberlain, who took office while the financial year was running, owing to Mr. Ritchie's resignation.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman congratulated the young Chancellor of the Exchequer on the lucidity and completeness of his speech, remarking that the position he had to face was the most serious in our time. These sentiments were endorsed by the House.

The Budget synchronising with Primrose Day, a goodly number of members wore the Beaconsfield emblem in their button-holes.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was in his place to hear his son's first Budget speech. The ex-Colonial Secretary had a tumultuous reception interspersed with the inevitable Hibernian roar.

The Chancellor opened with a plausibility. He remarked that the memories of his predecessors

thorities increased their indebtedness by £157,000,000, whilst in the same period the gross liabilities of the State were reduced by £132,000,000.

Sooner or later, despite the success of the recent issue of the London County Council loan, this vast local indebtedness must be faced.

As regards the expenditure for the next year he was providing £500,000 to cover the cost of the further military operations in Somaliland; he thought that would be sufficient.

He had to meet an expenditure of £142,888,000 on Supply and the Consolidated Services. How much revenue could he count upon on the present basis of taxation towards meeting that sum?

Altogether the year's revenue on the basis of present taxation would yield £139,060,000, which left a deficiency of £3,820,000.

PENNY APPEAL TO PATRIOTISM.

He would not adopt an easy way out of his difficulties by suspending the Sinking Fund, which he considered very bad policy unless absolutely necessary, and especially when gilt-edged securities stood so low.

He also dismissed the suggestion that the income-tax payer should bear the whole of the deficit. He had done his share during the war. He had, however, to make an appeal to the patriotism of the income-tax payer, and add one penny. In his opinion it would be the income-tax payer who would have the first claim to relief, and he hoped the sacrifice he asked of him would not last for long. (Laughter.)

He proposed to refer the question of evasion and also of the recovery of overpaid income-tax to a Departmental Committee.

The additional penny would be in a full year yield £2,500,000; this year £2,000,000.

For the balance of his requirements he must look to indirect taxation.

There would be no extra duty on wines or spirits, or any general alteration in the duty on tobacco, but in the latter he would make some adjustments.

He proposed to alter the rates on manufactured and raw tobacco. The failure to have a separate

THE BUDGET AT A GLANCE.

1903-4.		1904-5.	
Revenue	£141,545,000	Estimated revenue (from last year's taxes)	£139,060,000
Expenditure	146,961,000	Estimated expenditure	142,888,000
Deficit	£5,415,000	Deficit	£3,820,000
(Paid off by drawing on Government balance at the Bank.)		(To be made up by fresh taxation.)	

NEW TAXES TO MAKE UP DEFICIT FOR 1904-5.

Income-tax raised from 1d. to 1s.		£2,000,000
2d. additional on tea duties		2,000,000
Increase on tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes		550,000
Total increase		£2,550,000
HOPE OF A SURPLUS.		
Estimated revenue, including this £2,550,000 of fresh taxation	£143,610,000	
Estimated expenditure (as above)	142,888,000	
Estimated surplus at end of current year, 1904-5		£730,000

would be kept green by the taxes they had imposed. Then he got direct to statistics.

The cycle of prosperity, said Mr. Chamberlain in a telling phrase, seemed to have exhausted itself.

Our commercial depression at home had been aggravated by that in South Africa, while foreign competition had been keener than ever.

Markets in which we used to be supreme had been threatened, and even invaded, by other countries.

Wages, too, had fallen, and the number of unemployed had increased.

Customs, excise, death duties, and stamps all did badly, and in the aggregate produced a sum of £1,340,000 less than the estimate. The non-tax revenue was slightly better, but the final result was that this year showed a deficiency on the revenue side of the account of £2,724,000, as compared with anticipations.

LAST YEAR'S REPEAL OF THE CORN TAX.

The repeal of the corn tax proved a costly operation to the revenue than was anticipated.

Excise was even more disappointing than Customs, for there was a disclosed deficiency of the enormous sum of £1,150,000. The Beer Duty was £300,000 short, spirits showed an even greater falling-off, the deficiency being £850,000 short of the Budget estimate.

He thought it was the cold weather which diminished the consumption of temperance liquors, and the mild weather checked the consumption of spirits. (Laughter.) The Licensing Act of 1902 had also had a good deal to do with the matter. But really the falling off must be put down to the fact that the people had less to spend, and that must be taken as evidence of decreased prosperity.

Turning to the year's expenditure he said the Exchequer issues showed an excess of £3,760,000 over the Budget estimate. Things had advanced too far when he got into office to enable him to effect any economies.

The National Debt had been reduced by £3,149,000. During the last five years we had created a debt of over £158,000,000, of which £159,000,000 was due to the war. We had redeemed £29,525,000, leaving a net increase of State liability of almost exactly the sum raised for the war.

LOANS OF LOCAL AUTHORITIES.

Local indebtedness was the chief cause of the depression in gilt-edged securities. In 1901-2 the total outstanding loans of local authorities in the United Kingdom amounted to £42,000,000. In the twenty years between 1880 and 1900 local au-

thorities increased their indebtedness by £157,000,000, whilst in the same period the gross liabilities of the State were reduced by £132,000,000.

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KING EDWARD
THE PEACEMAKER.

His Majesty Returns to London from His Danish Visit.

The King and Queen reached London last evening on their return from Copenhagen.

Leaving Flushing soon after ten o'clock in the morning, the royal yacht arrived at Port Victoria at half-past five, and their Majesties left shortly afterwards by special train for London.

Just before seven o'clock the royal landau, in which the King and Queen were seated, drove out of Charing Cross Station. His Majesty, who was wearing the uniform of an admiral, was sitting on the right hand of the Queen. His Majesty's countenance showed the pleasure which the enthusiastic welcome of the cheering hundreds gathered outside the station gave him, and a minute later the procession had passed out of sight on its way to Buckingham Palace. It was universally remarked that both the King and Queen looked in the best of health.

It was at this time last year that his Majesty was preparing for the five weeks' tour in Europe which culminated in the historic visit to Paris. He went to hold out the hand of friendship to the French people on behalf of his English subjects.

The Peacemaker.

Within the last ten days the result of that visit has been made public, and the full text of the Anglo-French Treaty announced. The hand he held out has been cordially grasped. King Edward VII. will be known in history under the surname of the Peacemaker.

A glance back at the incidents of the few days, rich in result, which he spent in France, brings vividly into prominence the difficulties so happily surmounted.

When King Edward passed into Dijon he was received without enthusiasm, with cold courtesy.

In Paris the gutter Press had been doing its best to stir up the people against him. With the Paris populace popularity rests on the turn of a hair, or on the personality of the man, as shown at critical junctures.

A Personal Triumph.

King Edward's wonderful personal magnetism and remarkable tact led him through every obstacle. He made few speeches, always to the point, and admirably judged. He dealt with crowds as easily as he dealt with men. However subtle or foreign to his experience a situation or a subject, he was never at a loss and never in a dilemma. The Republicans rose to him—they love a King who is a King.

On May 1 he had crossed the French frontier, and met but a lukewarm welcome. He left Paris on May 5 amid shouts of "Vive le Roi!" from dense crowds. Officers, diplomats, statesmen, and notabilities assembled with President Loubet to bid him au revoir. Cannon boomed and military bands played. The people made festival.

At Cherbourg, there was a heavy rain-storm. In spite of the weather the King constantly smiled and cheered the greatest cheers and animation. The people were greatly delighted.

Those four days were a personal triumph. A proof that our King's power and privilege are greater than we have been apt to think. The King has political genius. Gambetta once said to him, "Royalty would have endured in France if we had had such sovereigns as you."

PRINCESS'S MOTOR SMASH.

PARIS, Tuesday.

A message from Turin says that an automobile, in which Prince Hohenlohe and Countess Chanzy and party were travelling, collided with a charabanc near Carizano, and overturned.

The ladies of the party were severely bruised, and Countess Chanzy sustained a broken collar-bone.—Exchange.

TO AVENGE INSULT.

Kingston (Jamaica), Tuesday.

H.M. cruiser *Retribution* will demand the release of the crews of the six Cayman turtle-fishing vessels seized by the Nicaraguan Government for alleged fishing in territorial waters and also insist that Nicaragua shall pay a heavy indemnity for the seizure of the vessels.

They were apprehended ten miles outside the limits, and their nets were destroyed. Nicaraguan soldiers brutally assaulted the crews, having tied them up and left them for hours in a broiling sun.

SOMALILAND VILLAGE BOMBARDED.

ADEN, Tuesday.

A rumour, hitherto unconfirmed, has reached here to the effect that British and Italian warships to-day bombarded Illig Village, which is occupied by the Mahudh's followers.—Reuter.

MURDER CHARGE COLLAPSES.

No evidence was offered by the Public Prosecutor against Alfred Harris Lee, when he was brought up on remand at the Birkenhead Police Court yesterday charged with the murder of his young wife, Frances Dolores, whose body was found in Birkenhead Park lake.

He was accordingly discharged. Mr. F. J. Williamson, who prosecuted, explained that no further evidence was available than that given at the inquest the previous day, when an open verdict was returned.

No one has identified the body of a girl which was found in the Serpentine on Sunday. The clothing, of good quality, is marked "F. N. Wheeler." Deceased was about twenty-two, of fair complexion, and wore a chain with a silver cross.

Miss Thetford, living near Northwich, was wearing a xylonite comb, and, as she was sitting by the fire, it suddenly ignited and burned away all her hair.

WAR HERO AND CHILD.

Touching Incident of Ad-

miral Skrydloff's
Triumph.

TSARITSA ILL WITH SHOCK.

Although there is little news from the seat of war, various reports confirm the steady persistence with which the Japanese are pursuing their land operations. They are in complete control of Korea, despite the recent descent of Russian forces along the eastern coast to Song-chin and Puk-cheng, and the fact that Russians have reached Mao-er-shan, on the Upper Yalu.

It is supposed that these movements are intended to draw the Japanese attack from the Yalu, against which, however, a Japanese army of 45,000 men is advancing.

Japanese transports are also actively engaged, and landings are contemplated to cut off the Liaotung peninsula and simultaneously force the passage of the Yalu.

Food and money are scarce at Vladivostok, and many people, unable to find buyers, are abandoning their property and leaving the town.

Prostrated by the news of the terrible disaster to the Petropavlovsk, the Tsaritsa was obliged to take to her bed, but she is gradually recovering from the shock.

JAPAN IN WAR TIME.

The Japanese municipal authorities wish it to be understood that the public order and business activity are not impaired by the war. A telegram to the Japanese Legation in London from the mayors of the principal towns says:

Japan in war is as orderly as Japan in peace. Business men and travellers who contemplate a journey to our country will encounter no inconvenience, and will be exposed to no danger.

LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER.

Striking Scenes of Enthusiasm at St. Petersburg.

Admiral Skrydloff was accorded an enthusiastic reception by immense crowds of people when he arrived at St. Petersburg yesterday.

Reuter's correspondent says the police were unable to cope with the people who thronged the platform to cheer the Admiral as the train pulled into the station.

Presently Admiral Skrydloff, showing signs of evident emotion, appeared on the platform and was hailed with renewed cheers.

Everybody stood bare-headed, and a peasant named Lapatin presented the Admiral with a copy of the picture of "The Holy Virgin of Joy to the Afflicted"—which is reputed to be miraculous—together with some consecrated bread, telling the Admiral that he saluted him in the name of the lower orders of the Russian people, all of whose hopes depended on him as the hero of the Russo-Turkish war. "The people are convinced," added Lapatin, "that Admiral Skrydloff will justify the hopes of the Tsar and the Fatherland, and, even as the Virgin whose picture has just been given to him, will bring joy, and that soon, to a people now afflicted."

THE ADMIRAL'S FAITH IN GOD.

The Admiral, with evergrowing emotion, took the picture, reciting that he accepted it as a happy present which he would not part with throughout the campaign, because he, too, put all his faith in God.

A member of the middle classes also presented the Admiral with a picture of Saint Theodosius, "the miracle worker of Chernigoff."

The Admiral then entered his carriage and drove to his hotel.

CHILD'S FERVENT PRAYER.

On arriving at the Hotel de l'Europe, the Admiral was received by a little girl who presented him with a bouquet of flowers, telling him as "the supreme commander of her brother" who was at present serving with the Navy in the Far East.

The child said, "God help you in all your paths, and may heaven grant that good fortune may attend you always during the war for the glory of our dear country."

The Admiral, much affected, embraced the little girl, and then went to rejoin his friends.

To-day he will be received by the Tsar, the Tsaritsa, and the Dowager Empress.

HOP-GARDEN MURDER MYSTERY.

How George White, the young groom who was found murdered in a hop-field, met his death remains a mystery.

The police at Farnham, near where he was found, have abandoned the theory that robbery was the motive for the crime. It has been ascertained that the dead man was seen with a young woman on the night he was murdered.

A clue has been found in the form of some blood-stained clothes partly burnt, as if an attempt had been made to destroy them, but no arrest has yet been made.

The inquest will be held this morning at ten o'clock.

LOVERS' HAPLESS MOTOR RIDE.

The chauffeur of an officer in the Life Guards, stationed at Windsor, yesterday, unknown to his master, took his sweetheart for a ride.

Later in the day a passer-by found the car smashed up by the roadside ten miles from Reading. The chauffeur and his sweetheart were lying insensible a few yards off, seriously injured, and are now in hospital.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Variable breezes, finally south-westerly; fair and warm generally; tendency to thunder here and there.

Lighting-up time: 8.4 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate to smooth in the North Sea and Irish Channel, smooth in the English Channel.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

The King and Queen reached London on their return from Copenhagen last evening. Their Majesties, who were heartily welcomed by a large crowd, at once drove to Buckingham Palace. (Page 2.)

Additional taxes were announced by Mr. Austen Chamberlain in the Budget statement. The income-tax rises by a penny, twopence extra duty is put on tea, and threepence on tobacco stripped before importation. One shilling extra is imposed in the duty on foreign cigarettes, and sixpence on cigars. (Page 2.)

The exact financial position, as shown in the Budget, is analysed in a special article. (Page 2.)

Russian forces have occupied Song-chin, Ruk-cheng, on the east coast of Korea, and another force has reached Mao-ershan, on the Upper Yalu. A Japanese army of 45,000 men is advancing on the Yalu, and further landing operations in Korea are imminent. (Page 2.)

Important expert evidence was given at the inquest on the victims of the submarine disaster. The inquiry will be resumed to-day. In the presence of a large and sympathetic crowd, the bodies were interred in the Naval Cemetery with full honours. (Page 3.)

Primroses Day was, as usual, generally observed in London. The Beaconsfield statue in Parliament-square was lavishly decorated. (Page 11.)

Another action against a mother-in-law came before Mr. Justice Lawrence, the damages claimed in this case being in respect of alleged slander. The jury stopped the case, and returned a verdict for the defendant. (Page 5.)

Judge Edge, in deciding a case at Clerkenwell, said he knew from experience there was a county court dress, the appearance of which was very pronounced on judgment summons day. (Page 5.)

Picture postcards made of aluminium are not welcomed by the Post Office, being sent direct to the Dead Letter Office. (Page 4.)

A young woman named Coleman indicted at the Old Bailey for the murder of her infant son at Edmonton, was found insane. Her husband, who had ill-treated accused, was reproached by the Judge. (Page 5.)

Taking pictures in the street with a cinematograph ended in a police court prosecution yesterday. The magistrate observed that the next thing one might expect would be an accident "to order" in Piccadilly. (Page 5.)

An ex-Army officer, indicted at the Old Bailey for obtaining money by false pretences, obtained leave to subpoena certain well-known people as witnesses on his behalf. (Page 5.)

Falling into the river off Billingsgate a lad of fifteen was drowned, despite some exceptionally gallant efforts at rescue made by fishermen. (Page 4.)

Arrangements are nearing completion for the Football Cup final at the Palace on Saturday. A record attendance is anticipated. The Cup will probably be given away by the Premier. (P. 11.)

Excellent sport marked the first day of the Epsom Spring Meeting. Lord Cadogan's Elba won the Great Metropolitan Stakes, Mark Time (the favourite) being second, and Lovat third. The winner started at 100 to 8 against. (Page 10.)

Business was not so brisk on "Change," and markets generally suffered in consequence. In the foreign section Russian bonds sagged. Japanese closed firm. South Africans were idle, despite the recent statement concerning the labour problem. (Page 10.)

TO-DAY'S ARRANGEMENTS.

Lord Londonderry (President of the Board of Education) receives a deputation from the Welsh County Council on the location of the proposed Welsh National Museum.

Mr. J. E. Douglas Smith, M.P., presides at the "Society of Antislavery," paper on "Moral Cures for Popular Use," by Mr. Mervyn O'Gorman, 8.

French Bull-dog Club of England and the Brussels Griffon Club of London annual show, Ward's Riding School.

Race for the City and Suburban.

Golf: At Woking, Oxford v. Cambridge.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. TO-DAY, at 3 and 9. JOSEPH ENTANGLED. By Henry Arthur Jones. Presented at 2.20 and 8.20 by THE WIDOW WOOS. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.20.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE. TO-DAY, at 2.15 and EVERY EVENING at 8.15.

THE DARLING OF THE GODS. By David Belasco and John Luther Long. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15. Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER. TO-DAY at 3, and EVERY EVENING at 9. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY at 3. A Romantic Comedy, entitled

MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER. By Mr. J. L. Lipton. Miss LOTTIE VENNE and Miss GRACE LANE. Presented, 8.15, by A QUEEN'S MESSINGER. Box office open 10 to 10. Telephone 3193 Gerrard.

ST. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. TO-DAY at 2.30 and EVERY EVENING at 8.30 in "SATURDAY TO MONDAY."

AN IRISHMAN'S COMEDY. Three acts. By Mr. J. L. Lipton, which follows "Richard III." MATINEE TO-DAY and EVERY WED. and SAT., 2.30.

STRAND THEATRE. Proprietor and Manager, MR. FRANK CURZON. A CHINESE HONEY-MON (6 o'clock). By George Dance. Music by Howard Talbot. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.

THE OXFORD. — MARY LLOYD, A NEW COMEDY. By Mr. J. L. Lipton, G. KNOWLES, HARRY BENDALL, GEORGE ROBERT, George Laidlow, GUS ELEN, The McNaughtons, HARRY LAUDER, the Polunks, Fanny Fields, and hosts of other stars. Open 7.30. SATURDAY MATINEE, 2.30. Manager, Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

THRILLING STORY OF THE AI.

Inquest Shows How the Doomed Crew Died Without Suffering at the Post of Duty.

In a ward of Haslar Hospital yesterday morning Capt. R. H. S. Bacon, of the submarine flotilla, graphically explained to Coroner Goble and fifteen jurymen the disaster which befell submarine AI on March 18.

The bodies of the eleven victims were viewed by the jury and identified by Lieutenant Garford.

At five o'clock the funeral procession started from the hospital for the Naval Cemetery, and the remains of the officers and crew were interred with full naval honours.

According to Captain Bacon's theory, the crew of the submarine were stunned by the force of the collision hurling them against the hull or machinery.

She did not sink at once, and could have come to the surface if the crew had not been rendered unconscious.

Our special correspondent at Portsmouth telegraphed:

In opening the court the coroner said the delay in raising the wreck was unavoidable, as it was impossible to contend against adverse winds and currents.

The bodies were reposing in two rooms in the hospital mortuary in plain oak coffins covered with Union Jacks. Lieut. Mansergh and Sub-Lieutenant Churchill in one room, and the nine petty officers and seamen in another. The coffin lids were drawn back in order to allow the jury to see the faces of the drowned men. The features were distinctly recognisable, and in all cases bore a peaceful expression, as if death had struck them down without pain. Some of the men had cuts and bruises on their heads, as if they had been dashed violently against some hard substance.

Lieut. Garford said that he saw the crew embark from the H.M.S. Thames on Thursday evening, March 17 in Submarine AI, and the vessel then went out to H.M.S. Hazard at Spithead, and stayed there till 5 a.m. on Friday.

Theory of the Accident.

In a lucid, sailor-like manner, Captain Bacon, commanding the submarine depot ship Thames and the flotilla, gave the court his opinion of the way the disaster occurred.

At 1.50 p.m. on Friday, March 18, I signalled the submarine AI to attack a cruiser about four miles south of the Nab, and saw her dive in that direction.

From examination of the top of the conning-tower, and the reports from divers who examined the bottom of the Berwick Castle as well as from the direction of the cruiser, the submarine was steering about south. The steamer was steering about south-east, and therefore coming up on the starboard quarter of the submarine.

The AI was fitted with an optical tube, which gave a vision equal to the naked eye. It had a sweep of 45 degrees, and was fitted to revolve electrically to sweep the whole horizon. At the time the Berwick Castle was steaming about nine knots and the AI about six knots.

Under these conditions, unless the tube had been revolved, it would have been impossible for the commander of the submarine to have seen the steamer until she was about 150ft. off. The optical tube, as found, was pointing 45 degrees from the starboard bow.

The Captain's Choice.

"This is the position," said Captain Bacon, "it would have been trained to had the ship been sighted under the above conditions. The submarine had now got the choice of doing two things. One to blow out her ballast tanks, starboard her helm, and risk a grazing collision on the surface. The other to dive under the bottom of the Berwick Castle.

"The latter was undoubtedly the course chosen. Had he had three seconds longer warning the submarine would have passed clear under the bottom of the steamer.

Lieutenant Mansergh had been eighteen months at submarine work, and was specially selected to have charge of the first big boat on account of his capabilities. Sub-Lieutenant Churchill was also an excellent officer, and the remainder of the crew were picked men. Submarine AI never had any failures, and was the handiest boat in the service under water.

Machinery Intact.

"I examined the water valves of the submarine in dry dock last night," said Captain Bacon, "and found them shut. I opened them and heard water rush out, showing the machinery was all right. Had orders been given to blow the tanks the valves would have been opened, hence, whatever else might have happened, it is evident the man who was near these valves did not open them, and they were in perfect working condition.

"The optical tube should have been revolved every ten minutes, to sweep the horizon, but the captain was probably too keen to observe the cruiser. The weather was fine and clear, and the submarine was allowed to manoeuvre anywhere between Portsmouth and Portland. The top of the optical tube was about two feet above water, and might have been seen from the steamer. Had the AI not been so low in the water the Berwick Castle might have been sunk. There was not much traffic in the Channel when the collision occurred."

In describing the submarine, at the request of the coroner, Captain Bacon said: "There were no decks in the interior of the hull, but she had a

platform each side running fore and aft. Her entire length was 100ft. The whole injury was confined to the top of the conning tower and the optical tube."

Died at Their Posts.

"Small leakage only would occur, and if the crew had not been stunned they could have stopped the leak partially, with their ballast tanks, and come to the surface. Every man was found in the position you would expect to find him, at his post. The captain in conning tower, second officer immediately below him, coxswain, Dudgeon near his steering-wheel, and the remainder of the crew at their stations."

Surgeon Morris, R.N., said the collision would have exploded the gunpowder and render the crew unconscious in the confined space. Probably the men were stunned and then drowned.

The court was adjourned at 4 p.m. till 10.30 this morning, when the divers Karlsen and Andersen will give their evidence.

Divers Karlsen and Andersen were in court, also the captain of the Berwick Castle, and Mr. Howden, solicitor, who represented the Union-Castle Company. The public were not admitted.

LAID TO REST.

Remains of the Gallant Crew Buried with Full Naval Honours.

At the funeral during the afternoon thousands of people crossed over to Gosport and lined the route, about two miles long, from the water tower of Haslar Hospital to the naval cemetery.

Punctually at five o'clock the coffins were placed on the gun-carriages by seamen from H.M.S. Excellent. The nine members of the crew were borne on three gun-carriages from the Excellent, followed by Sub-Lieutenant Churchill and Lieut. Mansergh, each coffin resting on separate gun-carriages supplied by H.M.S. Colossus. The coffins were all draped with Union Jacks and covered with wreaths of white flowers. By orders of Sir John Fisher, detachments of seamen and stokers, bearing splendid wreaths from the Admiralty, followed in rear of each gun-carriage. Eight subalterns acted as pall-bearers to Sub-Lieutenant Churchill, and eight lieutenants performed the same sad offices for Lieut. Mansergh.

At the word of command the band commenced Chopin's funeral march, and the procession started at a slow pace for the cemetery. All the officers wore full-dress uniform. The relatives followed immediately in the rear of the carriages. The tall, white-haired old Admiral Churchill, with his features quivering with suppressed emotion, was the most pathetic figure in the procession through the streets and in the cemetery. The widows of the men sobbed over their grief terribly, but with him it was different. That relief was denied to the Admiral. In the bright sunlight it was noticed that his eyes were dim with tears, but the veteran sailor bent his head, and not a sound escaped from him to show how his heart was with the gallant son who had so early in life found a sailor's grave.

Admiral Fisher with his staff walked at the rear, and behind him came the firing party of 100 seamen from the Excellent.

The fund raised by the "Southern Daily Mail" (Portsmouth) for the benefit of the relatives now amounts to over £1,500.

Miss Agatha Thynne, who was yesterday married in Westminster Abbey to Lord Hindlip, was by general consent the loveliest bride there has been for a very long time past. She looked like a beautiful picture in her simple white satin dress draped with lace, and as she held up her long train in getting out of the carriage it was noticeable that she had silver heels to her white satin shoes.

The small son and daughter of Lord and Lady Emlyn carried her train, and she was followed by six bridesmaids in white, with pale pink sashes and hats to match.

Princess Christian was the guest of honour, and she was met at the east cloister door of the Abbey by the bride's mother. The Princess was dressed in soft grey velvet, and wore a bunch of primroses in the bodice of her dress.

FAMOUS SURGEON DEAD.

Sir H. Thompson, Who Believed in the Natural Age.

FRIEND OF THE KING.

Sir Henry Thompson, who has died at the age of eighty-four, was one of those peculiarly picturesque figures which are inseparably connected with the mid-Victorian era.

He was born at Framlingham, in Suffolk; his father was a business man, with strong religious tendencies, holding among other views that the profession of medicine was conducive to Atheism. However, his son's constitution was so frail that he allowed Henry Thompson to study medicine so that he should learn how to improve his health. The result was that Sir Henry Thompson's name has become world-famous.

He understood the science of diet in a very exact way.

Himself a very delicate man, he yet maintained that there is no reason why a man should not live to be a hundred years old. "It is merely a question of diet," he always said. He held that on the whole, people eat too much, and too much of the wrong kinds of food, and in old age people should be strictly temperate.

Bonvivant.

In his private life Sir Henry was celebrated for the excellence of the dinner parties he gave at a time when good cooking was far to seek in England. His wines were perfect and his cook beyond reproach. His guests at these dinners were carefully chosen, and Sir Henry kept a record of their names and of the most interesting topics which were discussed at the same time as the good fare which he provided.

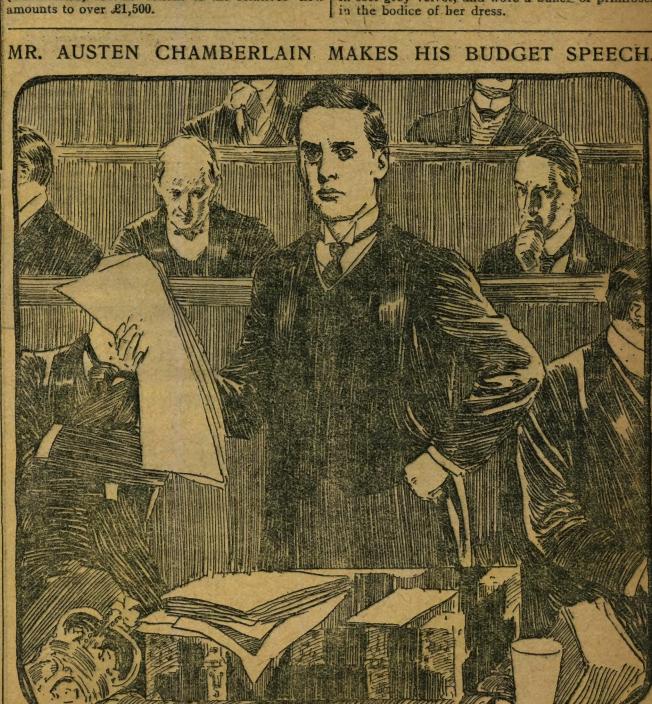
As a surgeon, Sir Henry Thompson had a most invaluable, gentle, tactful touch, and in certain complaints he was unrivaled in his diagnosis. His manner was sometimes construed, unjustly, as being brusque; but he could not suffer fools gladly.

Sir Henry Thompson, conscious of the weakness of his constitution, took great care of himself. He did not attain to the hundred years which he thought should be the natural life heritage of mankind, but his was a remarkably healthy old age. To the last he was devoted to his motor-car.

He was an artist of merit, and exhibited pictures both in the Royal Academy and in the Paris Salon. He was also an author, and wrote the novel, "Charley Kingston's Aunt," besides numerous serious works. He was an astronomer, a social reformer, horticulturalist, and art collector. The present King was a personal friend, and when Prince of Wales frequently dined with him.

Sir Henry Thompson, who was created a baronet in 1899, was surgeon-extraordinary to the King of the Belgians. He is succeeded in the title by his son Herbert, who is a member of the Bar.

ABBEY WEDDING.



At a few minutes after a quarter to three yesterday afternoon Mr. Austen Chamberlain rose to make his Budget speech. Even his political opponents said that he faced one of the worst situations of recent years in a way to win universal admiration.—(From a sketch made in the House by a "Mirror" artist.)

Among those fined at Highgate yesterday for drunkenness was a Joseph Chamberlin. He had made a disturbance by quarrelling in the street.

At the Easter term "Call Night" to-morrow week thirty-five law students will be made barristers-at-law.

Mr. A. S. Field, clerk of the peace and clerk to the Warwickshire County Council, is about to resign his offices. He is in his ninety-second year, and is the oldest solicitor on the rolls.

The programme for the Shakespearean Commemoration, which begins at Stratford-on-Avon to-day, includes a performance of the "Orestean Trilogy" of *Eschylus*, which has not been performed as a whole for 2,000 years.

Mr. W. J. Thompson, J.P., the founder of the firm of William James and Henry Thompson, Colonial brokers, of Mincing-lane, died at his residence, Kippington Green, Sevenoaks, yesterday. Deceased, who was eighty-six years of age, built Kippington Church in 1787.

ROOKS' EXTRAORDINARY FREAK.

About this time last year the rooks in the rookery of the Grange, Alresford (Lord Ashburton's country seat), of a sudden, and for no apparent reason, deserted their nests, eggs, and hatched hoppers, and returned. Now those of the rookery surrounding Cawdor House, which is about two miles from the Grange, have just acted in similar fashion. These singular exertions have frightened the superstitious villagers in the neighbourhood almost beyond measure.

SAVED BY PENNY-IN-THE-SLOT.

Joseph Greenwood owes his life to the penny-in-the-slot gas-meter. His wife found him lying insensible with a rubber tube, the other end of which was attached to a gas bracket, in his mouth. But the pennyworth of gas became exhausted before he had inhaled enough to kill him. The Halifax magistrates yesterday remanded him that the state of his mind might be inquired into.

TWO NEW COMETS DISCOVERED.

Two new comets have apparently just been discovered—one by an Englishman, the other by an American. The Englishman, Mr. Plummer, of the Bidston Observatory, announces that he has seen a new well-defined comet, which is travelling northward through Hercules. The American, Professor Brooks, of New York, says he has seen a new comet of the brightness of a tenth magnitude star, but other details of his discovery have not yet come to hand.

PRINCESSES WHO TYPEWRITE.

The Royal Family are very up to date in every respect, and, among other accomplishments, Princess Charles of Denmark is an expert typist, while Princess Christian is also a quick manipulator of the "keys," says "The Onlooker." Her machine is fitted with German characters as well as English, and she types most of Prince Christian's German correspondence for him. Another royal typist is the Princess of Wales, who is extremely quick, and types a number of her own letters in quite a professional style.

"NO HAT BRIGADE."

Bristol hatters are finding their pockets considerably affected by a crotchet of the younger men of the city, who have established a "No Hat Brigade." Many business men are said to have discarded headgear entirely, and the hatters may eventually refuse to serve any customer at all, in the hope that a general protest will abolish the "No Hat Brigade."

WILL THIS RECORD BE BROKEN?

The Great Western special mail train travelled from Plymouth to London at the rate of nearly sixty miles an hour a few days ago, and we are told that even greater speed may be expected on this run next Saturday. But this is far from being a record. On July 14 last year the Prince and Princess of Wales went from Paddington to Plymouth at an average speed of sixty-three miles an hour, and many miles were covered at the rate of eighty-four per hour. As long ago as 1855 a London and North-Western train actually travelled between London and Aberdeen—382 miles—in the marvellous time of 52½ miles; one of the very finest performances, surely, ever known in the world of railways.

PERSONAL.

ARTHUR darling. Won't you help me?—NELL.
JACK—Should much prefer country, if fine—R.
PEGGY wished her dear friend a very happy birthday.
6. V. not see you. Wednesday, 4 p.m. "Disappoint."

REALISING home useless, regarding Reggie. Write Lucy—ROBBY.

TO L. G. B.—Would like personal interview respecting letters, mistakes.

"DADDIE" wedding day—Send address. Intense love—LOVE.

ARE S. M. H. and "Pyman" the same person? Cannot otherwise understand correspondence.—J. M.

OH!—Where have you been hiding since Saturday? Call me up about ten this morning.—H. M. 5027.

WRITE home; all well; buck up. Longing to see you; still wriggling; best love.—RH. Desperandum.

"IN THE SOUP."—Try me—but, I mean, I to realize?

LOST—Gold Watch, April 9, Alexandra Park Races; under reward—Write W. S., II, Goldhurst (erect), South Hampstead, N.W.

SPHINX.—Called as arranged, but unable to obtain any information; suggest your proceeding as mentioned when I saw you last; exercise caution.—L. D.

SWEET LADY.—Fate was kind on Saturday. I had longed to see you—but your face is ever present. I chattered on hope my secret some day will be revealed. My life and love are consecrated to you for ever.

SILENT TERRIER (male) for sale. White; good pedigree; beautiful coat; three months old—Apply Leslie, 14, Abbey-court, N.W.

* The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 5 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of 5s each word, and 1s per word for each line. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in *Personal* Column, eight words at 4d, and 1d per word extra. Address Advertising Manager, *Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

Manchester school playgrounds are to be opened out of school hours with a view to keeping children off the streets.

A mezzotint engraving recently forwarded to Christie's, creased and soiled and evidently regarded as of little value, has been sold for £500.

In the Divorce Court yesterday a decree nisi was granted to Mrs. Hart, on the grounds of the cruelty and misconduct of her husband, Dr. F. J. Hart, of Sydenham.

An Islington relieving officer named Alexander Worley, who had misappropriated sums given for the relief of four persons by the guardians, was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour at the Old Bailey yesterday.

Monty Cohen, a young bookmaker, who was charged at Bow-street yesterday with street betting, was stated to have been convicted four times during last week for similar offences. Mr. Marshall imposed the usual fine of £5, and the prisoner left the dock smiling.

TEACHING A CHILD DISSIPATION.

For taking his eight-year-old nephew round to several public-houses and giving the boy so much to drink that he was discovered helpless and intoxicated in the roadway, William Birch was fined 20s. at Warrington.

"QUITE IRISH, YOU KNOW."

Discreditable scenes were witnessed at Riversdown, co. Cork, in connection with a football match between Lec's (Cork) and Killeagh for the County Championship. In the end the referee had to call the match off. This is the third time this match has had to be abandoned owing to rows.

OFFICIALS MUST SPELL.

Dr. Farquharson, M.P., is evidently doubtful as to the elementary qualifications of certain Government officials. He has announced his intention to ask the President of the Board of Agriculture whether it is intended to subject the assistant inspectors of the Board, who are graduates of a university or ex-officers in the Army and Navy, or who hold a diploma from one of the leading agricultural colleges, to a preliminary examination in dictation, writing, arithmetic, and English composition.

CHILDREN PLUCKILY RESCUED.

A particularly plucky rescue from drowning was witnessed in the Gravener Dock at Dover yesterday. Two little boys fell in and were drowning when they were rescued by Quarter-master Howe, of the Cross-Channel shore force, and a Whitstable man named Browning, who were attracted by the cries and dived into the dock with all their clothes on. Animation was restored with difficulty.

DERANGED BY ELECTRIC SHOCK.

It was put forward as a defence at the Brentford Police Court yesterday that a defendant, an electrical engineer, charged with disorderly conduct, had received an electrical shock of 2,000 volts, and that as a consequence his mind had become deranged.

Questioned by the chairman as to his condition the examining doctor said defendant's mind was a complete blank. He himself had no idea of such a shock, and he advised that a remand for a week should be made for further investigation.

FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE.

Mrs. Kendal will make one of her rare appearances in London on Monday next when, in company with Countess Valda Gleichen, Mr. H. B. Irving, and Mr. Rutland Barrington, she will take part in an entertainment at Lowther Lodge organised in aid of Holy Trinity Parish, Stepney. Mr. and Mrs. Lowther have lent their beautiful house, and many other amateurs and professionals have promised to help in aid of the charity. Tickets, 10s. 6d. and one guinea, may be obtained from the Rev. Neville Dundas, Holy Trinity Vicarage, Stepney, and from the Honble. Mrs. Stephen Coleridge, 1, Egerton-mansions, S.W.

FINEST HORSEMAN IN THE ARMY.

Major Burt, who was killed in the recent carriage accident in Piccadilly, was generally regarded as the finest riding-master in the British Army. His famous musical ride had been given before many of the crowned heads of Europe, and when the 2nd Life Guards performed it before the Kaiser, that monarch congratulated the Major and made him a handsome present.

Once in the riding school at Canterbury he was thrown on to his head, and the onlookers thought his neck broken. But he got up with nothing worse than a broken nose. He was a man of tremendous physical strength, and his figure was familiar to all who witnessed the Royal Military Tournament.

USEFUL FOR MOTORISTS.

Very ingenious is the new motor tyre pump, a photograph of which is reproduced on page 60, and it should prove a boon to motorists. Its purpose is sufficiently explained by the following:

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)

The new Pompei automatic tyre pump was awarded gold medal at the trials of the Automobile Club de France in December by a jury, including amongst its members Colonel Renard, Commandant Renard, Comte de L'Allemant, and M. Georges Richard.

The attachment is simple. The whole attachment can be made inside three minutes, and when once affixed, need never be taken off, as all that is necessary to pump up a tyre is to unscrew a small fly nut in the side of a metal box, which is affixed to the side of the dashboard, screw in the rubber connection, connect with the tyre, and then start the engine, and the tyre will be pumped up in three minutes.

It is thus made possible for the automobilist to make full use of the powerful engine in the car, and thus save himself the very hard work entailed in pumping up tyres when tyre difficulties occur.

CHARLES JARROTT AND SONS, LTD.

Richard Potts, a miner, was killed by a brick falling down a shaft of a Leigh coal mine on to his head. He leaves a widow and seven children.

At Marylebone a prisoner told the magistrate that he had a bad "pedigree." "Pedigree!" echoed Mr. Plowden; "you are a disgrace to your ancestors."

Last year 12,627,100 gallons of wine were imported in cask into this country and 2,083,428 in bottle. Of the wine imported in cask Spain sent 3,493,925 gallons, Portugal 3,435,900 gallons, and France 3,414,669 gallons.

Two children, aged five years and two years respectively, were terribly burned at a fire in Wellington-street, Woolwich, through the bed in which they were lying taking fire from some unknown cause.

WHIPPING THE CAT.

He had been "whipping the cat," and he had spent his money on "ginger-beer and jujubes," said a prisoner charged with drunkenness at Salford. And the bewildered magistrates failed to understand the first statement, or to believe the second. Later on the man explained that he was a journeyman tailor who travelled about the country making clothes for people in their houses, and his occupation, he said, is known as "whipping the cat."

SUICIDE IN A BATH.

An elderly man engaged a private bath at St. Helens, and as he did not come out or answer when summoned, the attendant burst open the door. To his horror he discovered the bath full of blood and water, and the man, who had cut his throat with a penknife, quite dead. It was afterwards found that the dead man's name was Thomas Blow. He had been for many years in the service of Lord Derby, and had latterly been much depressed through his eyesight failing.

ABOLISHING FAIR COSTS £20,000.

Leicester Pleasure Fair, one of the oldest fairs in the kingdom, is to be abolished. Under ancient charters the fair has been held twice each year for centuries in one of the main streets in the town, but with the introduction of electric trams it became necessary to put an end to the time-honoured institution. Certain persons, however, had vested interests in the fair, and the purchase of these will cost the corporation £20,000. The consent of the Home Secretary had also to be obtained.

STRANGELY LIBELED.

It was very unkind of the "Sheffield Daily Telegraph," said Martha Ellis, to publish a paragraph stating that she had given birth to four babies at one time. Furthermore, she claimed, in the Louth County Court, that the statement had caused her to be subjected to a great amount of abuse, and she thought herself entitled to £10,000 damages. For the defence it was stated that the paragraph was not published with malice, and it had been corrected since. But the jury awarded the injured lady £20.

RUINED A VILLAGE.

One of the longest strikes on record has just terminated, an agreement having been arrived at by which work will be resumed at Hett Pit in the Rhondda Valley. Fifteen months ago 1,900 colliers struck work. The colliery is owned by the Marquis of Bute, whose representatives were quite determined. The result was that the thriving village of Hirwaun has been practically ruined.

DROWNED OFF BILLINGSGATE.

A gallant but unsuccessful attempt to rescue a drowning boy was made yesterday afternoon by a Billingsgate porter. A lad of about fifteen, who had been playing about the barges with some companions, fell into the Thames. An attempt was made to get out a boat, which lay alongside a barge, but it was found that the boat was chained up, and was without sculls. One of the market porters plunged in after the boy, who was rapidly drifting down stream, but before he could reach him the lad sank. All efforts to find the body were unsuccessful.

PARSON WITH PICK AND SHOVEL.

Finchley will soon have a drinking fountain which is to be fit by voluntary labourers, amongst whom will be the Rev. R. W. Francis, curate of Christ Church, North Finchley. A Mrs. Lawrence offered the curate the money for a fountain, providing he found the workmen to build it. The lady's offer was placed before the members of the Christ Church Bible class, of which Mr. Francis is the chief, and the men readily consented to do the job. Some are masons, bricklayers, and plumbers, and others labourers. The workmen are to be engaged by a labourer. The site chosen is on the Great North-road, near Old Finchley Common. Mr. Francis is known as the workman's friend, and can often be seen on the top of the scaffold of the buildings in the district dispensing tea to men whilst they are at work.

FOX-TERRIERS' DAY.

One hundred and fifteen alert and frisky terriers competed for prizes yesterday at the annual show of the London Fox Terrier Club. The basement of the Crystal Palace, where the dogs were ranged in wire stalls, was crowded with experts of both sexes.

The noise was deafening, the competitors evidently being under the impression that the loudest bark would win first prize. They, however, also seemed to be deeply conscious of their own merit when being trotted about and displayed by their proud owners before the judges. Among the numerous distinguished exhibitors were the Duchess of Newcastle and the Countess of Chesterfield.

Prince Henry of Prussia yesterday visited the Keyham extension works and the engineering college at Devonport.

District officer Robillard was badly bruised through a heavy door falling on him when the large printing works of Messrs. Sadler, in the Old Kent-road, were on fire yesterday.

It has been reported to the Bethnal Green guardians that for the first time the children in the union schools have earned a drawing grant of £11. 9s. 6d.—a unique incident in Poor Law schools.

At Derby Station, on the Midland Railway, a train parted in the middle through faulty coupling. The engine-driver did not notice this, and went ahead with half his train for some distance before he could be stopped.

SEVEN POUNDS A MINUTE.

Eleven men were charged with street betting at Marlborough-street yesterday. All pleaded guilty, and all were fined, the total of the penalties being £37. And the whole of the cases were disposed of in eight minutes.

CHILDREN'S WEARY TRAMP.

Having their three children, aged seven, four, and two years, with them, John Carter and Rose Shepherd tramped from Bedwley to Newport, being on the road for two days and nights. The Children's Society told the Newport magistrates that the children suffered from exposure, and the man was sent to prison for seven days.

DESSERT SPOON AS NEST.

Surely the most intrepid pair of robins of which we shall hear this season are those which have built their nest in Maidstone Police Station! The nest is actually built in a dessert spoon, which had been left in a corner outside the coal shed. Undeterred by the daily use of the shed by the men in blue, the birds persevered with their nesting, and have now hatched a brood. The police are as proud of the confidence the robins have displayed in them as they are of any "smart capture" during the present spring.

PRINCESS AT A SPRING CLEANING.

Princess Christian paid a surprise visit to the Princess Christian Infirmary yesterday, and found the institution undergoing a spring-cleaning. The Princess was able to thread her way through the wards, and spoke many kindly words to the patients. In the children's ward she spent quite a long time, and cheered all the little ones with tender words. Her Royal Highness expressed great satisfaction with all she saw, and said she liked to see the institution as it was from day to day, and not when it was specially prepared for a royal visit.

BOAT THAT WILL FLY.

Major Baden-Powell announces that he is about to exhibit a new holiday aero-nautical contrivance at the Crystal Palace.

It consists of a "winged boat" which runs down an inclined track similar to that of a water-chute. Having thus gained considerable speed the "boat" shoots off into the air above the lake, and glides for a considerable distance before settling on the water.

HOW WE RECOVERED THE ASHES.

"How We Recovered the Ashes" is to be the title of the book in which Mr. P. F. Warner will give a full account of the successful tour from which the M.C.C. team has just returned.

Mr. Warner has nearly concluded the manuscript, and the book will be published towards the end of May by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. It will contain over 100 illustrations.

DANGERS OF THE STAGE.

In her book on theatrical life, entitled "Few Memories," Mary Anderson (Madame de Navarro) says:—"My observation has taught me that the greatest dangers of the theatre are a strong tendency to vanity, a certain carelessness about the great realities of life (which are principally noticed and used for giving dramatic effect), and the feverish lack of repose that made the old age of Sodoms so pitiable. It is not good for an instrument to be strung too high, and it seems to me that the actor (an instrument of many strings) is constantly tuned up to concert pitch."

POST OFFICE RESENTS NOVELTY.

Picture postcards are now being made of aluminium. They are of the same size as, but very much thinner than, ordinary postcards, and the soft shade of the metal gives the photographs on them a superior appearance. Their corners are rounded and the ink dries quickly. The great drawback to them is that, when posted, they are soon seen again, being sent direct to the Dead Letter Office.

NEW DRINK CRAVE CURE.

The Rev. Wilson Carlile, head of the Church Army, has invented a new "drink" remedy, which has the advantage of being very nice to take.

"We do not claim that it is an actual cure," said the head of the "Army" Publishing Department. "Such a thing doesn't exist. But if a man will honestly try to keep away from drink, and take a tablespoonful or so of this stuff whenever the craving grips him, he will find the result extremely beneficial. In nine weeks we have sold just a thousand bottles, and have had hundreds of testimonials."

The effect of the tonic is to produce the warming and stimulating effect of drink without the accompanying intoxication and consequent reaction. A *Mirror* representative tested it, and found it warming, comforting, and the reverse of nasty. It is sold at 4d, the 8oz. bottle—under cost price.

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COUNTY COURT DRESS.

Special Attire for Judgment Summons Days.

Miss Violet Warne, of Kentish Town, who was recently successful in a breach of promise action against William John Taylor, of East Finchley, has found it necessary to take county court proceedings to recover the £20 which was awarded her as damages. Yesterday her faithless lover appeared before Judge Edge at Clerkenwell in answer to a judgment summons.

Taylor was wearing the ordinary clothes of a workman, with a coloured muffler round his neck. In answer to the plaintiff's solicitor he said that by profession he was a groom. He admitted that he was not always dressed in the way he was yesterday.

"Only when you come to court?" the solicitor suggested.

Judge Edge: I know from experience that there is a county court dress. Sometimes it appears very pronounced, more especially on judgment summons days.

Asked what his present earnings were, defendant replied "sometimes twenty-five 'bob', and sometimes a 'quid'."

Judge Edge: Will you tell me what those mysterious words mean. What is twenty-five 'bob'?

Defendant: Twenty-five shillings.

Judge Edge: What is a "quid"?

Defendant: A sovereign.

Judge Edge: Words quite as easy to say, and more easily understood.

At a later stage the defendant explained that a watch and chain which he had bought were "down at uncle's."

Judge Edge: I don't know whether a fuller explanation is necessary. I believe it means that they are being taken care of.

Eventually Taylor was ordered to pay 30s. a month.

"DREYFUSED" DEFENDANT.

Officer Complains That He Was Illegally Arrested.

Captain Edwin Gordon Macrae Short, an ex-Army officer, who is accused of obtaining £8,000 by false pretences, yesterday applied to Mr. Justice Darling at the Central Criminal Court, and said he wished for leave to subpoena a number of well-known people on his behalf, including Lord Pembroke, Mr. Antrous (of the Colonial Office), the Governor of Lewes Prison, Mr. Moberly Bell (Manager of the "Times"), and Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace.

The Judge: What are all these people to prove?

The Accused: Well, a number of false issues have been raised.

The Judge: No false issues will be raised here by either side, I can tell you.

The Accused: I have been "Dreyfused."

The Judge: What is that?

The Accused: I have been illegally arrested on false evidence.

The Judge: I don't see what Dreyfus has to do with this case.

His Lordship later directed that some of the witnesses should be subpoenaed.

WAREHOUSE OF DOCUMENTS.

Mr. Bottomley's Difficulty in Meeting an Order of Court.

Application was made in the Chancery Court yesterday to commit Mr. Horatio Bottomley to prison for contempt of court, or, in the alternative, that a writ of attachment be issued against him for disobedience of an order made in September last.

Complaint appearing on behalf of certain contributors in the Associated Financial Corporation, Ltd., said the order of the Court respecting a list of the assets and liabilities of the corporation had been compiled with. But Mr. Bottomley had never furnished, as required, a list of the books of the business and documents of the corporation in his possession, nor the reports and documents which the liquidator proposed to use in the course of arbitration proceedings. Although they had endeavoured to get possession of documents as ordered their efforts had been unsuccessful.

Mr. Bottomley asserted there was a warehouse full of documents and that he could not make a list.

Mr. Justice Buckley said the motion must stand over pending Mr. Bottomley giving facilities to the contributors for inspecting the documents in question.

CONVALESCENT'S POPULARITY.

Three members of the Fawcett Liberal Club, Notting Hill, named James Clarke, Erasmus Knight, and Edward Knight, were at West London summoned for assaulting Charles Styles, also a member.

The complainant, it appeared, was sent by the club to a convalescent home at Pegwell Bay, and while there acted as captain of the inmates. He made himself very popular, and was, on leaving, presented with a small sum of money. Then someone complained to the club in London about the presentation, and an investigation resulted in Styles being expelled.

While the matter was being debated the defendant met Styles in the bar and made an attack on him.

Cross-examined, he denied that one of the allegations against him was that he had gone out with the inmates of the home and had made him self and them drunk.

Mr. Hanson, for the defence, urged that complainant only got what he deserved by needlessly abusing the superintendent of the home.

The magistrate considered that the complainant's conduct was indiscreet. He dismissed the summonses against the Knights and bound Clarke over in £3.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW VINDICATED.

Extraordinary Succession of Coincidences in Another Defamation Suit Brought by Another Son-in-Law.

Mr. Justice Lawrence is getting tired of trying defamation cases in which sons-in-law unsuccessfully sue their mothers-in-law.

Sitting yesterday in the very same court—King's Bench Court III.—in which the Foxwell-Shafto-Grene son-in-law against mother-in-law libel case came to such a sensational close on the previous afternoon, the Judge found himself with another son-in-law demanding redress from another mother-in-law.

On only one little point did the plaintiff of Mr. Alfred Wright Chapman (son-in-law No. 2) vary from that of Mr. Caleb Henry Foxwell (son-in-law No. 1). Mr. Chapman demanded damages for slander, while Mr. Foxwell had based his claim on libel.

During the course of the case a series of most disconcerting further coincidences manifested themselves, and at one time the Court almost thought that it was listening to a burlesque of the Foxwell-Shafto-Grene case, written especially for the occasion.

Although Mr. Lawson Walton, K.C., again appeared as the mother-in-law's counsel, the place of Mr. Terrell, K.C., as leader for the son-in-law's side, was taken by Mr. Wildey Wright, a concession to variety for which everybody felt very thankful.

The Plot of Case No. 2.

Mr. Wright, in his well-known fluently witty style, explained to the Court the plot of son-in-law—mother-in-law story No. 2.

In 1888, he said, Mr. Chapman made the acquaintance of a Miss Elizabeth Batten, who, with her mother, Mrs. Batten, enjoyed the revenues from two large leasehold estates, styled respectively the South Bermondsey Estate and the Helena Estate, Rotherhithe. These estates brought in an income of £10,000 a year to the two ladies.

Mr. Wright did not dwell on the romance which followed this introduction. He contented himself with saying that it ended in the marriage of Mr. Chapman to Miss Batten.

After the marriage Mr. Chapman made himself very useful to his wife and his mother-in-law, and was paid a salary to manage their estates.

So convinced did he become of the advantages of married life that he determined to find a husband for Mrs. Batten, who was a widow. With this end in view he "imported"—to use Mr. Wright's expression—his maternal uncle, a Mr. Welby, from Australia, "as a suitor for Mrs. Batten's hand."

The importation was completely successful—first at least. Mrs. Batten became Mrs. Welby within two months.

Awkward Contretemps.

But Mr. Chapman soon had cause to regret his free trade policy of imports of maternal husbands.

One day his mother-in-law informed him that "you" wished to take the management of the estates into your own hands.

After many misunderstandings it was finally decided that there should be a deed of partition, under which Mr. Chapman managed his wife's share of the estate, and Mr. Welby performed a like office for the mother-in-law.

Relations now became somewhat strained between the two households, and Mr. Wright, on behalf of Mr. Chapman, alleged that when that gentleman "went bankrupt" and had occasion "to lie low"—again to adopt Mr. Wright's expressive term—in Scotland, Mrs. Welby took the opportunity to get her daughter to alter her will, which had been in her husband's favour.

When Mr. Chapman eventually got his discharge and started to read for the law he found that the troubles caused by his mother-in-law were only just beginning. That lady, said Mr. Wright, was instrumental in stirring up divorce proceedings on behalf of her daughter against Mr. Chapman.

It was when the latter insisted on a reconciliation, and went down to Hockley Hall, Hockley, and the country residence of Mr. and Mrs. Welby, de-

manding to see his wife, that Mrs. Welby uttered the alleged slanders.

The first of these, explained Mr. Wright, had reference to Mr. Chapman's office in Bedford-road. Mrs. Welby told Mrs. Chapman that the police had discovered that his office was being used for betting.

The second slander was even more terrible. Some title-deeds relating to Fair View, a house at Rayleigh, in Essex, belonging to Mrs. Chapman had been misplaced, and Mrs. Welby suggested that "All" (Mr. Chapman) had got them.

As an instance of Mrs. Welby's want of proper feeling, Mr. Wright read the following letter:—

Dear Lizzie.—I am pleased to say all papers are quite right. I have ordered two casks of oil at 7d. the gallon. With fondest love, your loving mother.

The dragging of the oil into this tardy act of reparation Mr. Wright considered as—"well, he did not want to use hard terms."

Husband and Wife Reconciled.

In spite of his mother-in-law's efforts to prevent it, Mr. Chapman continued Mr. Wright, became reconciled to his wife, and the divorce proceedings were stopped.

Mr. Wright then called Mrs. Chapman to support his case, and, before doing so, he prepared the Court for possible unexpected developments by stating that Mrs. Chapman "sometimes ran away with her hair and sometimes hunted with the hounds."

When she got into the witness-box it was discovered that she was, on this particular afternoon, "hunting with the hounds," supposing Mr. Chapman was meant by Mr. Wright to be regarded as the "hare."

In short, she professed to be unable to remember the slanders, the uttering of which by her mother Mr. Wright relied on her to prove.

As there was no other witness to do this Mr. Wright was advised by the judge to "consider his case," but he pluckily elected to continue the case.

Striking Similarities.

Then history began to repeat itself very vigorously.

Just as on the previous afternoon Mrs. Foxwell had broken down when her relations with her husband were discussed, so Mrs. Chapman had recourse to her pocket-handkerchief to wipe away her tears when mention was made of her married life with Mr. Chapman.

When everybody was expecting her to run out of the witness-box at any moment as Mrs. Foxwell had done, the jury passed a note to the Judge.

Mr. Justice Lawrence (very gently): Mr. Wildey Wright, the jury have been cruel enough to wish to stop the case.

Mr. Wildey Wright: My lord, if the jury are against me I will not go on unless you express yourself strongly in my favour.

Mr. Justice Lawrence: I came to the same conclusion as the jury long ago. There will be judgment for the defendant.

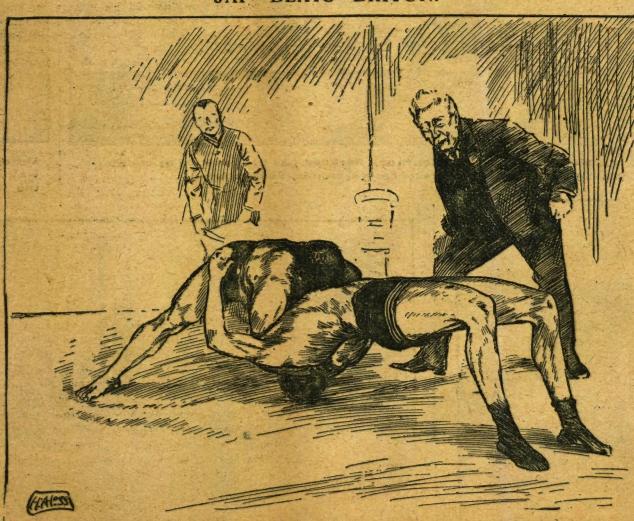
And so the Chapman-Welby slander case came to exactly the same conclusion as the Foxwell-Grene libel case, in the same court, and at the very same hour.

CARPETED WITH CHEQUES.

After scattering a number of signed open cheques to the value of £275 in Cockspur-street, Silks Wright McLoon, a gentleman staying at the First Avenue Hotel, fell into the arms of a policeman. Finding that he was intoxicated the constable took him into custody.

Summoned at Bow-street Mr. McLoon told the magistrate he had just crossed the Atlantic and was not feeling well. He was fined 5s. and costs

JAP BEATS BRITON.



Yukio Tani, the Japanese wrestler, has beaten Jem Mellor, the Lancashire wrestler, and so becomes the champion light-weight wrestler of the world. By sheer pluck and splendid staying power Tani won a well-deserved victory in an hour and thirty-eight minutes.—(Drawn on the spot by a "Mirror" artist.)

CATHEDRAL CITY GOSSIP.

Mother's Pathetic Plea for the Sake of Her Child.

A secret marriage, which turned out unhappily, was dissolved by Mr. Justice Barnes in the Divorce Court yesterday.

Appearing for Mrs. Josephine Margaret Graydon, who said that her husband had deserted her and had also been guilty of misconduct, Mr. Barnard explained that in 1892 she was married secretly to Dr. Archibald Graydon, who was at that time living with his mother in Bayswater. Dr. Graydon visited his wife at her father's house in Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square. In May, 1893, a child was born.

From that time the respondent ceased to live with his wife. Last December he wrote to her stating that he was going abroad, and he gave the address of a Miss O'Neil with reference to the adultery. Inquiries were made, with the result that this petition was filed.

Mrs. Graydon, in the course of her evidence, said that in 1900, when she was living at Worcester, she wrote to her husband the following letter:—

Dearest Archie, I am sure to trouble you, but feel I must do so. Ever since I came to Worcester I have been made very miserable by people making remarks about my being alone and no one ever sees my husband, but lately things have been very much worse. As our poor little Mary grows older they will tell me so.

Worcester is a place where everybody knows everybody else, and you know yourself. If you would only come here, Mary and I, then it would have made things better for her; but when her little school friends ask her when last she saw her father, and she tells them she has not seen him for a year, they look very strange, and one person refused to allow her little girl to go out with Mary to tea, as she did not think her mother was married, or the father would be seen something like this. I seldom go out, I feed my pony.

Are things to go for ever like they are doing, Archie? Had I seen a bad woman, I could not have no more to do with her. What you little child can't have? She is a sweet little creature. I don't ask you to give me any love. I have lived without it from you for seven years now, Archie, ever since God gave me little Mary, and, after all, there is no love so true as a little child's.

His Lordship granted a decree nisi, with costs, and custody of the child.

OBSTRUCTION BY TABLEAU.

Arranging London Street Scenes for the Cinematograph.

Wishing to know the reason why a large crowd had assembled in Crampton-street, Newington, a police inspector found that a photographer named Porter was standing in the centre of the roadway with a cinematograph. A tableau had been arranged on the pavement, in which another man named Lloyd was taking a leading part.

The two men were arrested for causing an obstruction, and brought before the Lambeth magistrate. Summons were subsequently issued against Alfred Claude Bromhead, of Cecil-court, Charing Cross-road, and Alfred Collins, of Walworth-road, for aiding and abetting. At the police court yesterday Mr. Bromhead, who is the manager of a cinematograph company, contended that they did not cause such a large crowd as the Salvation Army, and only occupied the street a few seconds.

The Magistrate: You see what this is coming to? The next thing we shall have will be a motor accident in Piccadilly for the purpose of being taken on the cinematograph and brought out the same evening.

Mr. Bromhead and Mr. Collins were each ordered to pay a nominal penalty of 10s. and 2s. costs. Lloyd and Porter were discharged.

REPENTANCE COMES TOO LATE.

Lily Coleman, a young married Edmonton woman, was at the Old Bailey yesterday indicted for the murder of her infant son.

The case, said counsel, was a very sad one, as the woman's life had been made miserable by her husband's ill-treatment and neglect. Left destitute, she had been forced to seek the shelter of the workhouse. The child was thrown into the Lea, and just before the prisoner was known to have pawned one of her garments for sixpence.

Her husband was called into court in order that he might hear the evidence. The jury found the prisoner guilty but leniently, and in his lordship addressing Coleman, said it was mainly owing to his conduct that his wife had been driven into her present state of mind. Sullen at first, the husband finally burst into tears and offered to take her home.

Prisoner was ordered to be detained during his Majesty's pleasure.

COUNTY COURT DIALOGUE.

Judge Woodfall (to debtor, at Westminster County Court): Your mother keeps you?

Debtor: Yes.

Judge: Where does she get her money from?

Debtor: From my brother.

Judge: Where does he get his money from?

Debtor: From his business.

Judge: His address is?

Debtor: Constantinople.

Judge: His English address?

Debtor: Hasn't got one.

Judge: It's a funny story.

THIEVES WHO WERE TOO CLEVER.

Set to watch the butter arch at the Goodman's yard dépôt of the Great Eastern Railway, two of the railway police saw a head appear through the roof of an adjoining stable. Presently, two men were lowered to the ground by means of a rope, a third keeping watch. An electric flashlight was then turned by them on the trucks, and the two, thus seen by the police in the act of taking cases of margarine, were arrested.

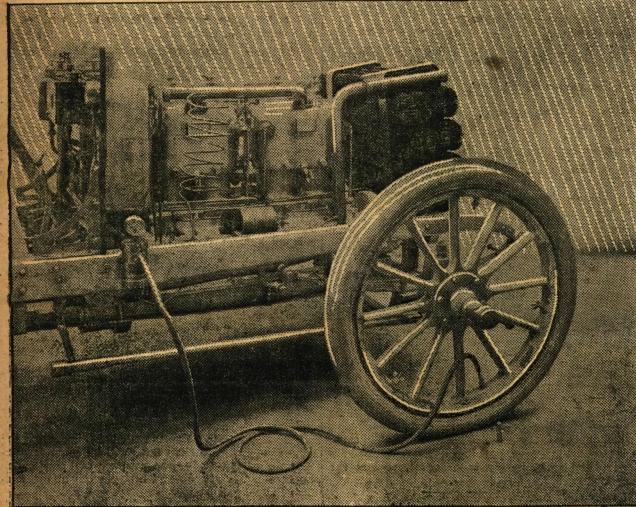
At the police station they gave the names of Alfred Ansell and Patrick Malone. It was stated that the company had missed a quantity of goods from the dépôt, and the Thames magistrate, after hearing this, sentenced Ansell to twelve weeks' and Malone to three months' hard labour.

"THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" IS GROWING—THE

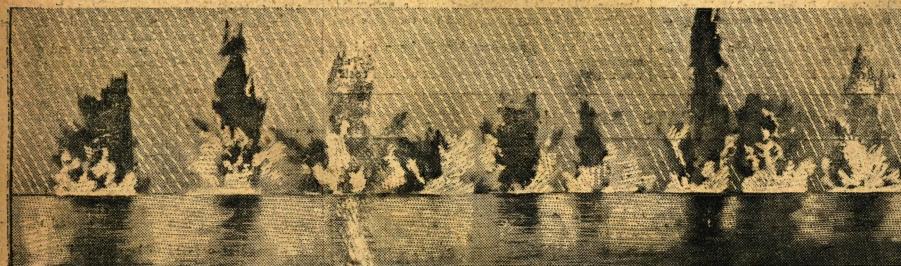
A LITERARY MARRIAGE.



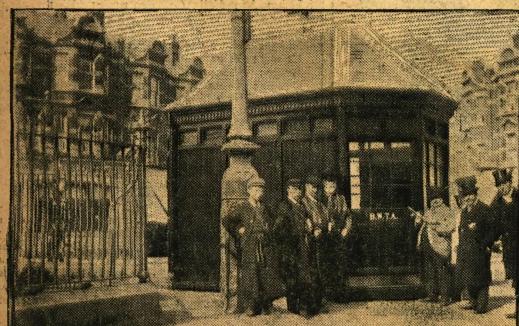
Miss Janet Ward, second daughter of Mrs. Humphry Ward, the novelist, has just been married to Mr. George Trevelyan, second son of a former Secretary of State for Scotland, and interested in the "New Liberal Review."—(Photograph, W. Barnett.)



By a simple attachment motor-cars are now made to pump up their own tyres. By this means a motor tyre can be pumped up in three minutes without labour to the motorists. The machine is the patent of Messrs. Jarrott and Letts, and is described on page 4.

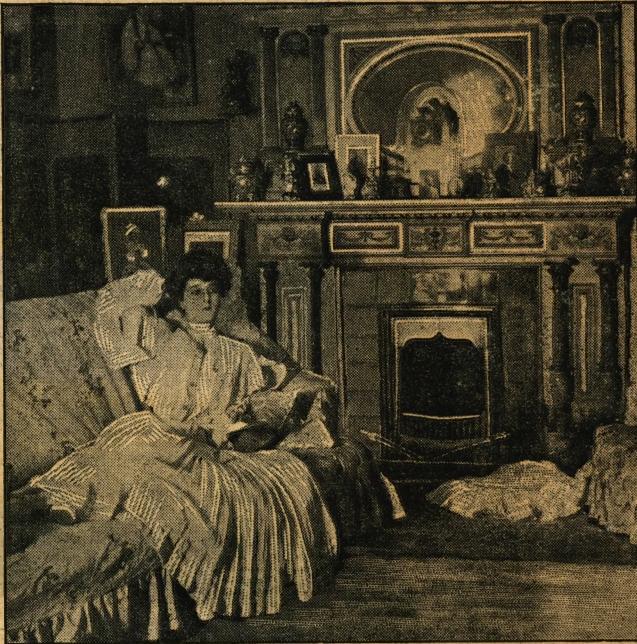


The explosion of this line of mines, laid as a protection across the mouth of a harbour, has been caused by counter-mines, fired by the enemy who have suspected its presence.—(Symonds, Portsmouth.)

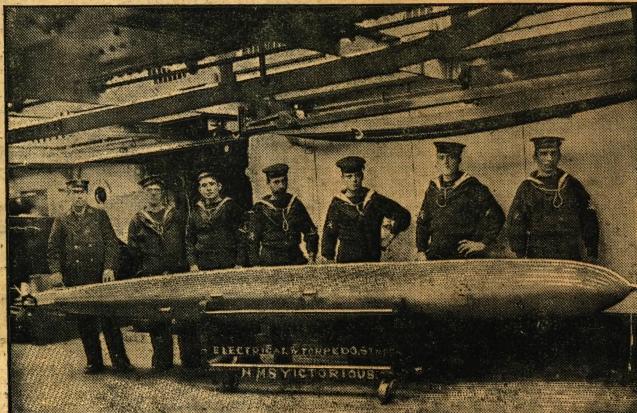


This shelter for 'bus men has been erected at Muswell Hill by British Women's Temperance Association, and is the first of its kind. Shelters for 'bus men have been long wanted, and it is much appreciated.

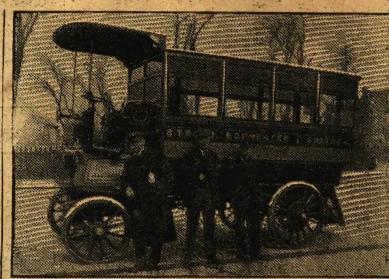
CHARMING ACTRESS AT HOME.



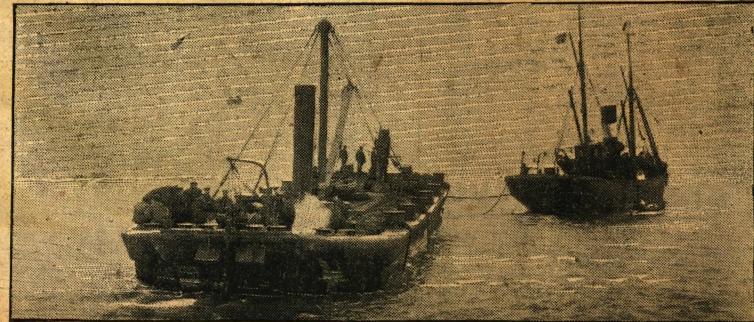
Miss Mabel Gilman, the clever and pretty American actress, in her flat at Ashley-gardens, S.W.



The Whitehead torpedo has proved itself the most deadly offensive weapon of naval warfare. This torpedo and torpedo staff are photographed on H.M.S. Victorious.—(Photograph by Cribb, Southsea.)



Motor omnibuses are gradually making their way into the streets. This motor 'bus runs from the Chatham Town Hall.—(Photograph by A. French, New Brompton.)



The salvage ship 'Belos' towing the dockyard lighter, under whose bottom hangs the sunken submarine, towards Portsmouth Harbour. A photograph of the actual lifting of the A1 is on page 1.—(Photograph by Cribb, Southsea.)

CIRCULATION IS NOW OVER 149,000 PER DAY.

ALLING "PEACE."



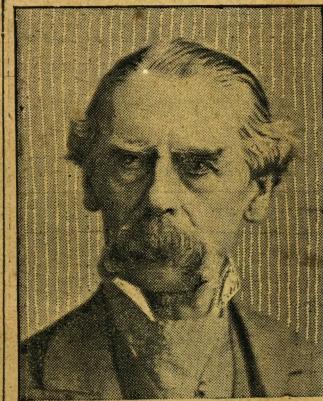
It's "Wild West" Indians makes the Peace." The Wild West Show opens in London, but will not visit London.

"BONE-SETTER" DEAD.



, the famous "bone-setter" and "blood-Park-lane," has just died. The complete recovery after the accident to his knee was due to the Professor's skilful treatment.

SURGEON, ARTIST, NOVELIST.



Sir Henry Thompson, the veteran surgeon, has died at his home in Wimpole-street, after a life of success in almost every walk of life. (Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

A RADIUM CLOCK.



This strange clock is worked by radium, and its makers say that it will go for thirty thousand years. See page 4.

WON £70,000 AT MONTE CARLO.



Colonel E. Harrison Power, an American millionaire, who has just returned to London, after winning £70,000 at Monte Carlo. (Photograph by Langfier.)



Numbers of Japanese Army nurses have left Tokio for the front. This photograph was taken during the departure of the first hospital.

"THE GABLES," SCENE OF THE MELDRETH TRAGEDY.



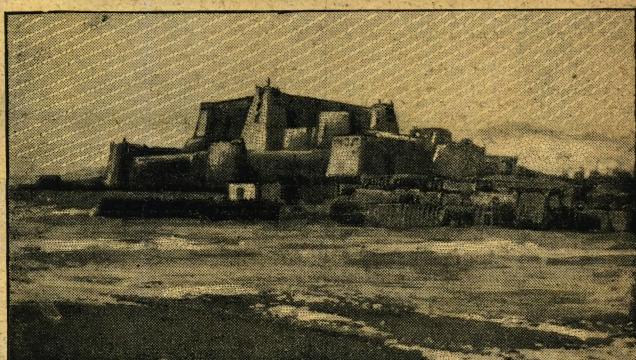
It was in this peaceful country house, "The Gables," Meldreth, Cambridgeshire, that the fifteen-year-old schoolboy, Frank Rodgers, shot his mother. The trial begins to-morrow (Thursday).

RUSSIAN RAILWAY CHURCH.



This travelling railway church is running on the Russian Trans-Siberian Railway. It has been sent to the front for the troops in Manchuria.

A BRITISH TIBETAN FORTRESS.



Phari Fort, in the Chumbi Valley of Tibet, now held by a British garrison. (Special "Mirror" photograph by Lieut.-Colonel L. A. Waddell.)



The boating season on the Thames has begun early this year, and bright sunshades and light flannels are already to be seen on the upper reaches. This photograph was taken at Molesey Lock yesterday.

DOCTORS' FORTUNES.

Famous Physicians Earn Huge Incomes, But Many Die Comparatively Poor.

Was Sir Henry Thompson, the famous surgeon, whose death was announced yesterday, a rich man? The fact, of course, will be disclosed when his will is proved.

Sir Benjamin Brodie, who practised for more than fifty years, only left £38,000. Sir William Laurence fared but slightly better, for after practising for forty-one years he could only manage to save £40,000.

But, on the other hand, Sir William Gull, the distinguished practitioner who attended the King during his illness in 1872, died worth £344,000. His is generally supposed to be the largest fortune ever amassed by a medical man; but this is not so. Dr.

Blundell, of Piccadilly, a practitioner whose services were greatly sought after by ladies, bequeathed £350,000. Sir J. Erasmus Wilson, famous for his skill in the treatment of skin diseases and blood poisoning, died worth £264,301. The late Mr. Brickell, of Tottenham, was very rich for a local practitioner. This gentleman left £30,000 to the Society for Relief of Widows and Orphans of Medical Men.

Sir E. Wilson bequeathed £200,000 to the Royal College of Surgeons, in addition to £5,000 to other charitable institutions.

Sir Oscar Clayton, one of the surgeons to the King, made money rapidly, and died worth £146,000.

Medical Manners.

A bland and courtly manner like that of the late Sir Henry Thompson's has frequently been of assistance even to doctors possessed of the greatest skill. But the late Sir Andrew Clark, strange to relate, owed some of his success to a straightforwardness of diction which admitted of no denial. It is related that on one occasion, after being laid up with a severe cold, Mr. Gladstone was stealing

out, bent on a surreptitious walk, when he was waylaid by Sir Andrew, who had foreseen the design, and sternly ordered him back to bed. Sir Andrew had an iron will, so his patient obeyed. He left his family £204,000, every penny of which was earned by good work.

The savings of Sir William Bowman, after fifty years' hard work, amounted to £183,948. Sir William was a celebrated occultist, but his practice was not a title of that enjoyed by Mr. Chrichton, of Harley-street, who some years since declined a fee of £10,000 to perform an operation on a patient resident in India.

Heavy Expenses.

Sir George Burrows was seventy-four when he obtained his title; he put by £104,028.

The fees of Sir Astley Cooper once averaged £21,000 a year, but he was only able to leave £80,000 behind him, although he was over seventy when he died. Sir Charles Locock's will was sworn under £100,000.

It is a melancholy fact, however, that out of the thousands of really able men, whose skill has ameliorated so much suffering, only a comparatively few have left behind them fortunes exceeding £20,000.

The question therefore arises, where does the money medical men earn go to? Much of it doubtless in charity. Then, again, few people have any idea of the enormous expenses a doctor in a fashionable practice incurs. Many of them spend more than half their incomes maintaining the style of living necessary for their position.

No better instance can be afforded of this than the expenditure of Sir Morell Mackenzie. His average for the last few years of his life exceeded £90,000 per annum. No wonder that he died a comparatively poor man, notwithstanding the huge practice he enjoyed.

On behalf, "the price of four blooming bitters," as the little man glibly phrased it. Daventry was a doctor at hand at such little pleasing economies.

Daventry settled himself comfortably in the corner opposite to Janet, and bit the end off a cigar.

"Well, little woman, we're going back to work now. We'll go and see the agent to-morrow about looking out for a shop. Just about the worse time in the year, though, with the pantomime coming on. By the way, Cockburn 'll call you 'my dear'; but you mustn't mind that. It means nothing; they all do it, and one mustn't offend Cockburn. And whilst I think of it, Janet, you'll have to keep it dark with managers that you're an amateur. By Jove here's the very thing. Your last engagement was with my company, that finished at York, you know. That's the tale to pitch 'em. What?" he cried.

"But you don't mean that you want me to say I have had engagements before?" asked Janet, incredulously. "You can't mean that, Herbert. It wouldn't be the truth."

"Near enough not to matter. Hang it, you did play with the chaps; didn't you—for one night, at any rate? That's good enough, isn't it? Managers aren't exactly waiting to receive amateurs with open arms—amateurs without premiums, any way!" The last words made him shirk, as though they provoked some exquisitely humorous remembrance. "Squeamish little fool!" he added to himself, as he buried himself in the "Stage."

Janet turned over the pages of the illustrated paper, but her reading was the merest pretence, and after a while she laid it aside and sat looking out of the window. The train was tearing along. Hedges, trees, telegraph poles flew past. She was being hurried breathlessly along to her new life as she had been hurried into marriage.

The thought made her glance across at her husband. He reclined in the opposite corner, his muddy yellow boots with white spats on the cushions, smoking, and absorbed in the "Stage." He seemed to be reading the entire paper from cover to cover. On the seat beside him lay the pocket-flask of whisky which he had carefully hidden before they left the hotel that morning.

He was her husband, whom she had sworn to love, honour, and obey. He was her husband yet, somehow, the prospect of going with him to their strange lodgings in London seemed oddly cheery and lonely. He was her husband, yet what would she not give to find one of the dear, familiar faces belonging to her old life waiting to welcome her at the "Stage's" end. She felt homesick—and she had no home; only the strange lodgings she was going to with her husband. He could not know how lonely she felt, or he would not sit there reading. He would come to her side and talk to her, cheer her up with the little tendernesses a woman needs. She had given up everything for him—it was so utterly dependent on him now. And he sat absorbed in his paper.

She was glad the honeymoon was over. She was glad that hard work was so soon going to begin. During those three weeks in Brighton she had been left with too much time in which to think, to observe. Those three weeks had begun the gradual process of smudging out the picture, as her mind had painted it, of the man she had married. She had tried to shut her eyes to facts, but she was beginning to see that the mental picture was not the portrait of her husband. Day by day the resemblance between the portrait and the man had grown less.

She had written a long letter to her mother the day after her marriage. The writing of that letter had been almost the hardest task she had faced in her life. Her mother had replied in three lines: "Janet, I did not think you could have done this, you my first-born child. But I will not reproach you."

Enclosed had been a cheque for twenty pounds, which Janet knew her mother could ill afford.

Ethel's letter had been longer. She wrote in a heat of indignation that did not spare her sister.

Mrs. Ross had not answered her letter at all. Doubtless she had deserved all their anger, all their contempt, Janet told herself; but that did not make it easier to bear. She had estranged her

Reflections.

The form of Mr. Austen Chamberlain's first Budget speech was excellent. The matter of it disappointed everyone who hoped for a display of real financial talent. He explained himself clearly, but not all his aptness of speech could explain away his utter failure to rise to the occasion. Instead of thinking out some plan to put our system of taxation on a broader, wiser basis, he has merely given a few screws another twist. There is no more evidence of constructive statescraft in this year's Budget than there was in the Budgets of Mr. Ritchie or Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. Youth has failed equally with experience and middle age.

The unfortunate middle-class taxpayer has to face a shilling-in-the-pound income-tax, in addition to paying more, in common with everybody else, for his tea and tobacco. Never in the history of the income-tax has it stood at a shilling in time of peace. It was a melancholy tale of depressed trade and industry which the Chancellor of the Exchequer had to tell, but surely this might have shown him that the moment was not opportune for increasing the burdens of those who are most hardly hit by the depression. Any Treasury clerk could make a Budget like this. Paying Mr. Austen Chamberlain £5,000 a year to do it is an extravagance which we cannot afford.

The Prince of Wales has inherited both his mother's kind heart and his father's knack of doing the right thing in the right way. When he went to St. George's Hospital to see one of his Marlborough House servants who is laid up, he made no fuss; walked in like any ordinary visitor; would not allow the routine of hospital work to be disturbed; and had nothing whatever sent to the papers about his kindly act. It is this sinking of the Royal

Personage in the private individual that makes our reigning house so popular. There is a time for ceremony and display, and a time for quiet, unostentatious citizenship. The Royal Family know how to make the best use of both.

It is a pity Sir Henry Thompson, the great advocate of Cremation, did not live to see it generally adopted as the best method of disposing of the dead. Earth-urial is a hideous mistake in crowded cities, and ought not to be permitted. Its danger to the living cannot be excused for sentimental reasons; if, indeed, these really exist. With most people who think at all, sentiment is on the side of purification by fire, and against the revolting methods of interment in densely-filled cemeteries.

In this pleasant weather the warming of railway carriages is fortunately not a subject of pressing interest. It is curious, though, to notice how the British antipathy to change comes out in the complaints about over-heated compartments. No sooner have the railways introduced a sensible method of keeping their passengers comfortable than a violent agitation is got up for the restoration of the foot-warmer! There is no difficulty in believing the story of the Englishman in Heaven who wanted to write to the "Times" because he had caught cold through sitting on a damp cloud.

"Winston Churchill," said a shrewd judge of character, when Lord Randolph's elder son entered Parliament, "cannot pretend to be a Tory. He will some day be a Radical Prime Minister." The prophecy is well on its way to come true. "Winston" has definitely joined the Radical party, and is certain of office when the Opposition capture the Government benches. If he keeps his health, he has a great future before him. He has backbone and determination. His industry is untiring. He speaks well. In fact, he is the ablest and most interesting of all our younger politicians.

OUR SERIAL.

Stage-Struck.

By SIDNEY WARWICK.

PERSONS OF THE STORY.

JANE DESBOROUGH: A beautiful girl anxious, against her parents' wish, to go on the stage. She is a simple and attractive actress.

JANET: A barrister in love with Janet who has, however, refused him.

HERBERT DAVENTRY: A soundly actor who has seen Janet act in private theatricals, got himself introduced to her, and has now, in order to live on her earnings, as an actress.

Mrs. ROSS: Janet's Aunt, with whom she was staying in London at the time when Daventry lured her into a secret marriage.

CHAPTER XI. The Girl Becomes a Woman.

Janet stood by the bookstall in Brighton Station and without much interest read the titles of the rows of books labelled latest novels, to occupy the time until the train started. She had been Mrs. Daventry just three weeks. The honeymoon was over, and to-day she and her husband were returning to London.

She waited on the platform alone. Daventry was at the bar in the refreshment room; one or two acquaintances of his, who happened to be acting in Brighton that week, had turned up at the station to see them off; the men had promptly adjourned to the refreshment room for drinks. Janet had declined her husband's suggestion that she should accompany them. She had seen the laughing, noisy group disappear into the bar with a certain sense of relief that was like a little marginal comment to the closing chapter of their honeymoon. They were going back to town; the new unknown life lay before her; she was definitely to begin her stage career. As she waited on the cold platform she wondered if the new life would ever touch the old again, the old life from which, by her marriage, she had cut herself adrift.

Daventry came rushing out of the bar a minute or two before the train started.

"Harry, old chap, I do wish you'd run and get me a 'Stage' at the bookstall," he cried, to one of his friends; "oh, and something for the misses to read, as well," he shouted, as an afterthought, as "Harry" obligingly went off on his errand. Daventry hurried Janet along the platform by the train, searching for a carriage. "You don't mind a smoker, do you, old girl?" And without waiting for an answer he hustled her into a third-class smoking compartment. "An empty carriage, that's good!" Crowd up round the door, you boys; I don't want any of the British public in."

The little unshaven man who had gone to the bookstall for him hustled him, busking the "Stage" and a sixpence ladies' paper.

"You didn't say what you wanted, Herbert, but I expect this'll be in Mrs. Daventry's line," he said, "Do capitally," as Daventry took them in through the carriage window. "Thanks very much, old chap. Hullo, we're just off. Well, so long, boys. Be running up against you some day, I suppose, shaking hands vigorously. The train started, and "Harry" on the platform had conveniently forgotten to repay the eightpence expended on his

paper; she was dependent now on her husband's affection, and if he failed her—

"I am glad our honeymoon is over, that work will soon begin! I must work hard, I mustn't have time to think too much!" Janet told herself, almost fiercely, as the train hurried her along to London, to her new life. "I mustn't have time to think too much!"

She was thinking of her husband, of the difference between the real man and the ideal portrait her mind had painted. She had learned so much that she had never dreamed of before during those three weeks; the fierce white search-light of that intimacy that married life brings had beaten so cruelly on so many illusions. She fought, as a woman will, against the growing disillusionment; but facts forced themselves relentlessly upon her.

She had given him her mother's cheque to cash. She had scarcely touched the money herself, yet it was nearly all gone, frittered away. He had spent it, spent it recklessly, foolishly, on his own pleasures. She tried to keep herself from thinking of him, yet the question insisted itself on her mind: had he a gentleman's fine sense of honour in money matters?

"I wish," he had said one day, "that you could get your rich relatives to come down handsomely to finance a tour for us, Janet."

She thought he must be joking; it seemed impossible that he should be willing for her to ask for money from people whose feelings he had flouted. He must be joking, but even such a joke was of such a doubtful taste that it jarred upon her.

"Of course, I was not serious," he answered quickly, guessing her thoughts.

She wondered now whether there might not have been a grain of seriousness in the words.

She tried to think that her mind was exaggerating; and yet he had seemed both surprised and annoyed when she refused to go with him into hotel bars. He was for ever dropping in for drinks, and seemed to think it only right and natural she should accompany him. He had not been pleased at her coolness towards certain fluffy-haired young ladies of his acquaintance when he introduced her; they proved to be ladies of the chorus of a second-rate musical comedy company, playing in Brighton. "Well," Daventry had chided her, "you ought to go to the 'Stage'—it was a specimen of their general greeting, when an introduction took place on the Front one morning. "If your misses knew as much about you as we, she wouldn't let you have a latchkey, eh?" with a wink.

Janet's disgust was evident in her face. It irritated the suspiciously-golden-haired speaker.

"Well, so-long, Ladybird" she said, with a shrill, unpleasant laugh. "The temperature's too freezing, so we'll toddle along. We're making your madam jealous. I can see it!"

"You mustn't mind this sort of thing, Janet," Daventry said as they went on. "They're all right; it's only their way. It's a bit strange to you now; our free-and-easy ways, but you'll get used to it."

"Well, I can't say you're very lively, Janet," said Daventry, looking up suddenly, and dropping his paper to stretch himself. "Must take you out to a bit of a dinner-to-night, somewhere where we'll find a pal or two, and see that I'll live you up a bit."

It was curious how after marriage he had dropped completely his references to the "great and the good" exercised by the stage. But, after all, why should he keep up the pretence now his end was gained? A man couldn't keep that sort of "guff" up for ever, he told himself. In fact, he sometimes found conversation with Janet rather difficult; long silences fell between them. After all, they had little in common. He was already beginning to tell himself that she was not his sort.

"Too confoundedly squeamish and prim; she hasn't an ounce of snap in her. Give me a girl with plenty of chaff!" ran his thoughts.

The prospect of dining out with his friends was not alluring. She felt she knew what his friends would be like; she had seen enough of his acquaintances during those three weeks to form a fair estimate. If only she could have slipped away to her aunt's

flat in Kensington for a little while, and her aunt had put her arms round her in token of forgiveness.

Conversation languished. Daventry lit another cigar, and lay back with his eyes closed, thinking. He was getting hard-up. Good thing the old lady had sent Janet that £20. They'd have found themselves stony by now otherwise.

That had been a smart stroke of his, that Mortimer business. A pity he had to turn it up so soon. So simple, too, just to advertise for amateurs with a premium. How the money had come rolling in! It was a stroke of financial genius that.

"What a lot of fat-headed amateurs there must be in the kingdom! Cooks and counter-jumpers—all sorts writing in, all with their five-bob bookings fees, and not a few with some of the premium on account! Lord, what a harvest! The plunder I'd have scooped, if I'd not had to bolt just when things were at their best. Those dashed police always stuck their noses in," ran the thread of his reflections.

He looked out of the window. They were nearing London. Suburban stations were flying past. Tickets would be collected at Greenford Station. He felt in his pockets for the tickets, and rose to lift his bag from the overhead rack to the seat. He would be glad to be in London again. It had been a pretty tame affair, his honeymoon. He liked a girl with more "go" in her.

"Shan't be long now," he told her. "We're just coming to Greenford-road. Pretty quick run, but I shan't be sorry to stretch my legs. On tour one gets such an infernal lot of travelling, slow trains on Sundays. Wait till you'll have some experience of 'em, and you'll know!"

The train stopped for the collection of the tickets. A guard walked along the platform opening doors; the ticket-collectors went quickly about their work.

A tall man in a blue serge suit, who walked with rather a military erectness, was loitering apparently aimlessly on the platform with a friend, and made some remark to the guard. Then the guard walked a few yards back and spoke to a ticket-collector. The sound of shamming doors proceeded merrily.

"Hope they won't keep us waiting all day," said Daventry.

The ticket-collector came to the door of their carriage, took the tickets, let his eyes fall for a moment on the bold initials "H. D." painted on the bag on the seat, and stood waiting outside the door instead of shutting it. The action puzzled Daventry. A shade of uneasiness began to show in his face.

"Well, you've got the tickets; what are you waiting for? They're all right, I suppose?"

He crossed quickly to the door; the man still stood there without answering. Daventry saw the guard coming up; the heavily-built man in blue serge and his companion were loitering up behind the guard. His uneasiness increased.

"Is it yours, the luggage in the van labelled 'Daventry'?" asked the guard.

"Yes; what do you want to know for?"

Janet saw the dawning fear in her husband's face as he gazed round, and a vague uneasiness assailed her, too. The question was simple; why should he look so white and nervous?

The guard gave a little nod to the loitering man in the blue serge suit. He came up quickly and stepped into the carriage, followed by his companion.

"I am sorry for your sake, madam, but I must do my duty," he said civilly to Janet.

Daventry was white and nerveless. But he tried to bluster. "What—what do you mean?"

"Herbert Daventry, alias Mortimer," the man answered, in quick incisive tones. "I have to arrest you on the charge of obtaining moneys on fraudulent pretences."

Daventry had started back; the plain-clothes man made a quick movement forward; a pair of handcuffs were snapped on his wrist.

"I warn you that anything you may say—"

There was a low gasping cry of agonised horror from the white-faced woman returning from her honeymoon. Janet fell back fainting.

To be continued to-morrow.

